## BETTY'S ADVENTURE.

A Breaded Warning to Masqueraders In Male Attire.

[Ity Ently Leausz.]

After elitablished flight of carpetless stairs. and enmonts that a learnicade of dry-goods boxes, tion, if he were to find me out." it was also stopping over the threshold of Paradisclosurer that early lit le sitting-room. A years had I ham was softly broning on the lable, and a fitr-faced girl me her fingers over the the black or evalcing a low sweet melody. The girl at far plean was a one in the house there had beet moved in a few days before, and next week." There : of the mail chad not yet arrived. "We must mak one rosen habitable," she bad said. So the pictures and books were untacked without delay, and a cory refuge was my own hands, and she won't come till I send contrived in the mais; of the general chaos. Miss La tire was lying on the lounge, with a hundways in helpsy herein, and the patter of the raw as the windows was the only varia-

But present y there was a burried hobbling step, and and Hamma thrust her head in the

Miss there's hands fell on the keys with a ground I ke a lunatic, walling and shaking her arm, trans which the L1 or was flowing rapidly, "Stand still!" Miss Enty demanded, whippling out her handkerelsief, and twisting it fightly about the girl's area above the would. "You have cut an antery; but don't be frightened. I'll fix it in a minute."

Miss La face came deavy stairs wringing her hands, and old Harmah bob'ding after her. "Ch. Derv," she er'ed nervously, "what shall wo do liow perfectly dreadful. Jane, dressed in my jacket for?" Jane! tiow e mid you do such a thing?" Jane only bolioned the land r, and Miss Belty gave her anus a look of de p significance.

'There is no occasion for alarm," she said, severely. "Hold bus handkerchief, please, Aunt Adele. The bleed won't flow as long as you keep that twisted tightly. I am going for him from the library-window. Miss La Prec attered another exclamation of

"You can't go alone," she cri d. "Not at he started toward the house. But the next this time of night, and in this dreadful

"I must, and I will;" Betty answered. " he's a mile and a half to Doctor Ducie's," her sunt nonestrated. "Can't we manage till pen to you on the way." "Let it hopen, if it will," she said fearlessly.

sure and don't loosen the handkerchief." her gossimer out of an open box in the hall. The box was filled with her brother Frank's winter clothes, and, at the sight of them, a wild lidea flashed into her brain. She had spoken resolutely, but she had no more fancy for this nocturnal mission than any other girl of on his shoulder.

grew upon her, and before many moments English jacket, and a face smiling at the reflection in the mirror.

Miss Betty hanghed softly, for her short curly who didn't know her would have sworn that she was a boy of about fitteen. Miss La Bree would certainly have swooned

herself in masculine attire. Once on the road, Betty started for Dr. Ducie's on a run. She had not taken an umbrella, tender light which shone in his own. because she felt it would impede her progress,

and she didn't mind a wetting. The road was a lonely one, with very few | March. houses in sight for a good three-quarters of a mile, and the English jucket had never covered | such a fluitering little heart. Still Betty never dreamed of turning back.

She reached Dr. Ducie's house in half an hour; but just as she run up the steps, she saw the Doctor's buggy drive down the carriageway to the read. Lake a flash she was after it, and managed to

" Dr. Ducie!" she cried, dashing up to him.

foot struck and stacurb in the drive, throw- banging and erashing. ing her prostrate, and before the Doctor could passed over Betty's nukle. the thing almost made her sick.

The Doctor was beside ber in an instant. "Are you hant?" he cried, with deep con- | non smoke, all around it. ecrn, going down on his knees in the dust, "How? Where?"

. "My ankie!" Petty moaned. drave rapidly back to the house. "Tran over this young man, Mrs. Fry," he

the bandages please." light of the study lamp revealed to her the als, and were ready for work, physician's face. Although she had never speken to Dr. Ducie, she had seen him several | assault made by Schabovskoy's infantrymen

young. He had dark-blue eves, which were | was thrown cut in advance. The fighting line looking at her with kind solicitude and a fine- remained the forceation, till, what with impalooking face, which was partially conscioled by | tience and what with men falling, it broke & curry golden beard and moutable. "Where is Dr. Ducie?" she said, faintly,

"Gut of fawn," was his reply. "I am Dr. | The supports ran up into the fighting array Gwynn, his ma stand. I am very sorry I ran | independently and eagerly. Presently ail over you. Is your ankle very painful?" "Oh, never mind it!" Besty said, hastily, "I came for iv. Ducie, but I suppose you will ! de just as well. Please so to Vallyview as | ually falling into a concave shape. The crackle quickly as possible. One of Mrs. La Bree's of the musketry fire rose into a sharp, conservants has cut her arm, and is in danger of tinnous peak. The chamor of the hurrales of bleeding to death."

Dr. Gwynn started to his feet. regretfully; "but I do not think it will be any | down the gentle slope. We could see the dead worse for not exceiving immediate attention " and the more severely wounced lying where "No, ast" Besty neged. "Go at once! I they had felien, on the stabble and amidst the can wait till you winted."

Then us he started toward the door, she cried | pouring over them, ever on and on. Saddenly

The warm color surged into Betty's face. "Yes," she answered, looking away.

"You had better stay here," said Dr. Gywan. "You are wer through, and the road is so fired with terrible effect into the whirlwind rough that the ride will be very painful to that was rushing upon them. The colonel's

like to see her; then attend to the servant." yell-with which his men, bayone's at the the sight of her more in boy's clothes, the ut. over the parapet and in a mong the Turks like tered a little shrick of manufacturent.

Guyun Lison. I put on this mit because I | But there were not men enough for the enthrough it would be a protection Can't you terprise. It was cruei to watch the brave Rusminings to tell Haungh not to leavay me?" "Missier La lines" nother louver in the sitting. | forward or to march them back. As the sun room cand, and r hundaging Jam's arm, he pro- set in furid crimson, the Russian defeat became | The warrior frowned and pressed his temples cord of to examine Betty wantile,

do w of her money low-cut some which was was heavy with the low monning of the waiting west, and removed her stocking, mapon | Wounded. increased to small and white and delicately wein shall beeter Gwynn looked at It in as-

There was an agly red ridge aggress the ankle. Whiple was beginning to swill.

tor, thankfully; "but this alreston must be an absence of thirty-three years. He stopped faue with ointmest.

a prescription. "I will have this sent to you a sister of Mrs, Farnsworth-and they had a right away. What is your name, Master La very pleasant meeting. The old gentleman

Fom-Dick-Harry!" stammered Betty, in gringouy of confusion. Poster Gwynn cievated his cyabrows. He

"Harry?" he queried, turning to poor Miss La Bree. "Is that the name?" "Ye-es," she said, starting as though he had

struck her. "Harry La Bree." "I hope you forgive me, Harry," he said, holding out his hand to Betty, with a winning the best thing I can do for you now is to help | expected. you recover; and you may be sure I will do what I can with all my heart."

La Bree, and said, savagely: "Aunt Adele, promise me you will not say a word about this. Oh, I should die of mortifica-"What on earth made you do such a thing,

Betty?" wailed Miss La Bree. "I don't see how on earth we can keep it secret." "Sit right down," said Betty, quickly, "and write to mamma. Tell her that Jane has hard her arm, and that I have a sore foot, and that we with on loveled next and two servants; for won't be able to get the house ready for them

> "She'll come anyhow." "No, she won't," answered Betty, "She promised me to let me have the moving all in for her. Aunt Adele, you must never breathe a word of this to a fixing soal,"

Some weeks later, on the lawn at Valleyview, Betay might have been seen in a garden-chair. thou of the angle, except an oversional pound. She work Frank's velvet smoking-jacket; but ing down of dry and the swish swish of a scrubover her knees she had thrown a linen afshan. Doctor Gwynn was there, and though he had told her sice might walk a little, nothing in the world could have induced her to try it, since she would have been obliged to put on panta-"Oh, Let. Miss Holy I" she exied, in the loons. No, indeed. She would not stirn step most al. of cervor "June's somsked the look | till Doctor Gwynn ceased attending her. But in's last and out her all'awful. She's a bleedin' somehow Betty was in no harry for that time

Yes, it was four weeks since the night when crash and is one her next had time to utter a she had gone on the mission which had inlittle by terical series, she had started down | volved her in such embarrassments. She had stairs to the intelier, where have was walking written again and again to her father and mother, telling them of unforseen delays, etc., etc., till Mr. and Mrs. La Bree were quite out of perionce. It was only what lietty had feared, when she saw her brother Frank coming up the walk that afternoon.

If only he would go into the house at once, But no. He saw kee, and came towards her with a rollicking salute, "Hello, Betty, my dear," he cried giving her a good hug. "How d'ye do? What are you

"Frank," she said, struggling in his arms with desperation, "there is a stranger here." "Oh, excuse the," he said, apologorically, as poor Berty stammered out the name of Doctor longed to the late Mrs. Margaret Buford, but as GWYRD.

Fortcaately, Miss La Bree caught sight of 'Frank!" she cried, gesticulating wildly, "Come here this instant, "It seems I'm wanted," he said, smiling, as

moment he turn d and cried out: "How's your foot, Betty? You're the worst girl I ever saw. You're always harting yourself in some way or other."

Betty did not reply; for she had buried her morning. Berry? Something awful will hap- face in her hands, and burst into fears of mortifical ron.

"You must know it all now," she said, chok-I-I dressed up in Frank's clothes, that night. .I never did it before, and—and I didn't think anyone would know. I thought it would be safer to go in that way. PI-please don't think I'm a dreadful girl, for I'm not." Here Betty broke down completely, and Docfor Gwynn was obliged to draw her head down

"You foolish little thing," he cried, his eyes What if she were to put on Frank's clothes? | shining with fun, but more with tenderness. She could then so with impusity. The idea "You thought I did not suspect. Do you suppose I did not know, the moment I saw them, passed, the rose-haded lamp revealed a boyish that these pretty hands and feet belonged to a sporting man who is well-known in littsburg figure, clad in dark-green pantaloons and an woman? And do you suppose my heart did not | Chicago and the West, recently won \$60,000 at hair made the illusion so perfect that anyone to love you, my darling, and I cannot be happy wildly at first and won rapidly, but as soon as he sweetheart?'

but her niece left the house without showing other emotions. But gradually, as the signifi- "Dink's big winnings were made on case cards, stole into her cheeks, and her eyes reflected the lifthree fours were drawn from the box and the

and she did not say him nay .- Pelerson's for that the fourth would lose."

PLEVNA.

How the Most Desperate Battle of the Russo-Tarkish War was Lost. [Archibald Forbes in St. Nicholas.]

Before daybreak on the last day of July the | going right on to play with the remaining whole force was on the move to the front. There was a long half in a hollow, where was the village of Radishovo, into which Turk sh The words had hardly left her lips when her | shells, flying over the radge in front, came

About midday Schahov-koy and his staff, rein up his horse, the hind wheel of the buggy | which we accompanied, rode on to the ridge | between the guns, already in position there, with the Turkish earthworks, girdled by can-

After an articlery duel of three hours, the Prince ordered his infantry on to the attack. The pallant fellows passed us, tull of arder. The Boctor lifted her into the buggy, and with bands playing and colors flying, and Betty to a foreign. "Get me some arnica and came limping and groaning back, and threw themselves heavily down on the reverse slop-

Never shall I torget the speciacle of that re-calistment SI more. times, and she know perfectly well that this on the Turkish earth-works in the valley. The long ranks on which I looked down tramped The gratieman attending her was quite steadily on to the assault. No skirmishing line into a ragged spray of humanuty, and surged on swiftly, locacity, and with no close conesion.

along the bristling line burst forth flaming volleys of musketry fire. The jugged line sprang forward through the marze-fields, grad-"Your saikle has been hadly hard," he said, of battle. The wounded began to trickle back | the disconnected men drew closer together. "Take me with you, place. I want to go We could see the officers signaling for the concentration by the waving of their swords. at to be traversed was but hundred yards. There was a wild rush, hearted by the colonel of one of the regiments. The Turks in the work stood their ground, and horse went down, but the colonel was on his Pd rather ro. If you place," she replied; and feet in a moment, and, waving his sword, led he had her a allo conveyed into the burgy.

When they could will by clear Petry said: his men forward on foot. But only for a few paces. He staggered and fell. We could hear "Go in and real Mass La Bree that I would | the tempest-gush of wrath-half howl, half Betty a cast casts online the places and at charge, rashed on to avenge him. They were an overwhelming avalanche. Not many follow-Buth! comed Belly. "Not a word. Aunt cas of the Prophet got the chance to run away Addie, I would not for worlds have Doctor from the glemning Russian beyonets.

sian soldiers standing there leaderless, struly Doctor Gogan came on again, and helped waiting death for want of officers to lead them assured. The attacking troops had been driven With trembing hands your Miss La Brood back or stricken down. All around us the air

How He Must Stave Loved His Wife.

[From the Machins Union.]

Levi Farnsworth, of Jonesboro', who left Machias, November 4, 1849, in the brig Agate, for "There are no hones broken," said the Doc- the Pacific coast, arrived home January 9, after at the home of his son, Mr. J. E. Farnsworth, He bathed it gently with areica and bound where his wife and children assembled in less than two hours after his arrival. There were "It has much you leverish already," he said, twenty friends at tea-his wife, children, and glaneing at her search checks, as he wrote out some of his grandchildren, and Mrs. H. C. Hall, said, "This is the happiest hour of my life."

Mr. Faresworth is well known in Vancouver. other towns on the Pacific coast, and is re- the strengthening effects of this great restor- start back immediately. thought his patient was growing delirious. specied wherever known. He has had many ative. By druggists.

prominent positions in Vancouver; has been mayor of the city; also sheriff several years. He was elected several times member of the Territorial Legislature. He is seventy-eight years of age. The journey home was about 5,000 miles, yet he was but little fatigued, and smile. "I didn't mean to run over you; but | is looking younger and smarter than his friends

When Mr. Farnsworth left home he parted with wife and six children. On his return all When he had left them, Betty turned to Miss | were alive to greet him but one daughter, who died about twenty years ago.

Wind-Made Snowballs.

[From the Hartford (Conn.) Times, Feb. 21.] A curious and very rare, if not unprecedented, natural phenomenon was observed this morning by the passengers who came up to Hartford by the Valley road and by people coming in from towns to the eastward. From Hartford to Saybrook, a distance of nearly 50 miles, they saw large snow-balls all along the line of the road, all shaped like a lady's muff, and in general about that size. But the size varied from the dimensions of a medium-sized water-pitcher to the bulk of a big pumpkin, are equally plenty from Hartford up to Massa- | ing. chuse ts. A curious feature of these muffshaped snowballs was the circumstance that, Hines to Fritz Muller. ike a muff, they were all, or nearly all, hollow, The explanation seems to be this: Last night, from 7 o'clock till near midnight, there was a high and very damp south wind. An inch or soon have ended the dog's career, if Hank more of damp snow fell. This was caught, in Howley had not interfered, to the surprise of every spot where the ley surface on which it all rested permitted its movement, by the wind, and rolled as it was driven on, gaining bulk with every foot of progress. The sudden shifting of the wind, which changed to the west and increased, may perhaps explain the hole extending through the snowy cylinder-or it may not, for this may have formed naturally by the rolling process. The plain sight of the tracks made by the rolling snow left no doubt as to the cause of the phenomenon. At Mr. Julius Steele's, on Park street, West Hartford. the balls were all sizes, up to a foot and a half some of them had rolled up hill.

A Highly-Cultured Dog.

[Correspondence Chicago Times.] Everybody in Midway, Ky., knows old "Ned," the children's dog. He formerly bethere were no children at her house, he came to town and took up his abode at Mr. S. N. Rogers'. He goes to school with the children every morning and remains there all day. When they go out to play he goes too, and is quite expert at catching a ball; indeed, in a game, he takes the place of a child. When the bell rings he is the first to run into the school house, and when the classes are called up to recite, he takes his place in line at the foot. After the child next above him has recited, he answers the next question by an intelligent bark and how of the head. Should a question be missed by the child at the foot of the class But it won't. I'm going, Aunt Adele. Be ingly, "I'm not a -boy at all-Doctor Gwynn. will answer it in his peculiar way. Spelling seems to be his favorite branch of study his answers in that being exceedingly quick and vigorous. Although he turns the children down, after his fashion, he never goes above them. He will fight for any of the pupils, as well as teachers, and could not be induced to stay where there are no children.

A Fare King's Winnings.

[From a Philadelphia Paper.] It is said that "Dink" Davis, a Philadelphia tell me in its own peculiar language? Betty, I | fare in New York. Davis went to New York a have known it all along. Perhaps a would have | month ago an after losing \$1,900 in a Barelay been better for me, if I hadn't, for I have learned street gambling house began to win. He played without you. Tell me-will you marry me. saw that fortune favored him he played with some caution. He played in nearly all the Betty looked at him in the most abject aston- large gendling places in New York. Joe Lovell, sway, had she witnessed this transformation; ishment, which, for the moment, stilled all an intimate friend of Davis, said to night: cance of his words dawned on her, a soft flush | betting them the other way. This means that third four lost, he would bet that the last one "Will you marry me, Betty?" he asked again, | would win; if the third card won he would bea

"What is he going to do with the money?" "Well, there is the funny part of it. One story is that he sent \$15,000 to his father in the country, and fixed it so that he couldn't get it again. Then I understand he invested \$22,000 in Government bonds, and he says that he is

The Pay of the Regular Army. present made up of 25 regiments of infantry, 10 | Hank, where's your dog?" until at last Hank's regiments of cavalry, 5 regiments of artillery, temper, never of the best, fairly gave out. and a corps of engineers, comprising in all | On Monday morning, when we went back to | learned a lesson from their brave and uncom-25,000 enlisted men 2,181 commissioned offi- week at the dam, there was the dog faithfully plaining patience. A faint cry escaped her lips, for the pain of and we surveyed the marvelous view below | cers making, with 312 cadets and 9 professors, | wascain : Hank's coat. us—the little town of Pleyna in the center. a grand aggregate of 28,002 men in active serv- All through those bitter nights he had acmy is \$13,500, and of the lieutenant-general, ling as with an ague fit; but the look he gave \$11,060; while the major generals receive \$7,- | Hank seemed to say, "I cannot do much for 500; bricadier-generals, \$5,500; colonels, \$3,- you, but I have kept your coat safe, my friend," 599; lieut want-colonels, \$2,000; majors, \$2,went down into the fell valley below. For | 500; mounted captains, \$2,000, and captains three hours the demon of carnage reigned disquanted, \$1,500. The chaplains, of whom dog's favor, as we gathered around him, and said, as the housekeeper helped him carry supreme in that dire cockpit. The wounded there are 34, receive \$1,500. The pay of a showered upon him such terms as "Good dog!" private soldier for the first two years of service | "Nice pup!" "Poor fellow!" is \$13 a month, being increased \$1 a month for Betry was quivering with pain, but her eyes | in the village of Radishovo, in our rear. The | each year of service, until for the fifth year it | Doc, giving him the biscuit he had brought for opened in the blankest astonidurent as the surgeons already has set up their field hospit- is \$16 a month. If then he re-enlists he re- his own inacheon.

The Smallest Man in Missouri.

[From the Missouri Republican.] The smallest man in the Southeast lives in New Madrid county. He is forty-four inches tall and is thirty-four years old. He says he s opped growing when he was eleven years old. He has several brothers and sisters who are of ordinary size.

Saved by Clutching a Horse's Tail.

(From the Salt Lake Tribune,) Albert Dougherry, one of the drivers between Green River and Big Sandy, who was eaught in the storm on Wednesday evening and lay out in the ice and snow forty-eight hours, was brought in to-night by private conveyance. Dougherty was the fighting men came back to us on the breeze, unable to mount the horse after abandoning the Bacon at all hours; two rods." making the blood tingle with the excitement | stage, and the way he succeeded in traveling was is follows: He took hold of the sagacious animal's tail and let it drag him. Whenever his hands be-came so benumbed that he could no longer retain is grasp on the borse's tail, the animal would stop nd come up to him and patiently wait until maize. The living wave of fighting men was | Dougherty would again entwine his hands in the | maux, tail, when the horse would resume the journey,

Kitty's Prayers. [By Corinne Oaksmith.] Sweet little darling runs into my room, Red lips parted and checks aglow; Fresh and rare as the apple-bloom, Brighter far than the roses blow,

"Oh, sister, come and see!" she cries, As she smooths from her brow the tang'ed hairs, While wonder's seass through her violet eyes-"My little kitty is saying her prayers!

"Come and look thro' the nursery door! We wont frighten her where she lies, In the streak of sunlight on the floor, Folding her white paws over her eyes. "I wonder,"-treading with light foot-fall, And chantily lifting the freek she wears,

As she rots before me across the hall,

-St. Nicholas for March. The Way of Life. [By John Vance Cheney.] "Enough," he cried, "away with love-away!"

"I wonder if God hears kitty's prayers?"

A boy from play by fondest kiss beguiled, Mother, I'll love thee ever!" spake the child, A maiden gazed into the night sky wide-'Oh, I will love him when he comes!" she

These three moved on along the way of life: A fair face lured the soldier from his strife. Upon a tomb was carved the sweet child's name, The lover to the maiden never came.

-March Century.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" perfeetly and permanently cures those diseases At night we untied him, but his spirits did peculiar to females. It is tonic and nervine, effectually allaying and curing those sickening | Hank had not returned, but Rouser was gone. sensations that affect the stomach and heart | We did not feel anxious on Hank's account, for through reflex action. The back-ache and

THAT DOG ROUSER,

And How He Came to be the Pet of the Camp.

[By L. A. B. Curtis.]

We never knew where he came from; but one frosty morning, when we went out to the diggings there he sat, dejected and forlorn, beside Doc Furber's rocker.

"What have I done?" exclaimed Doc, striking a tragic attitude. There was a shout of laughter, for certainly no one had ever seen an uglier dog. Snubnozed, crop-eared, one eye white and the other yellow, his fleshless skeleton covered with a coarse yellow coat-there he sat, statue-like, without taking the least notice of us, neither raising his eyes nor wagging his tail. Indeed, and they were everywhere and not a rod apart. | the poor brute had no tail to wag. And in ad-There were thousands on thousands of them dition to his long list of misfortunes, he

"No." said Dutch Fritz, "don't vaste powder. I lays him out mit dis rock.' Davy Blake caught up a shovel, and would

In all the three months we had picked and

the Sky High claim, no one had ever discovered any softness in Hank Howley.

in c reumference, and, what is more strange, speedily in possession of all the early "his- lence, and breaking his leg. Fortunately the delightful group of men who gathered around cept that of Hank Howley; he never talked He had a few crackers in his pocket, and, with famous. Happily it is growing even easier for about bimself, and seemed to resent any curi- the bacon, he was well provided against hunger, the boys and girls of America to prepare themosity concerning his personal affairs. He was | and he did not feel entirely hopeless. rough, reserved, and somewhat surly; but he Then the cry of the California lion sounded frame and iron muscles seemed made for hard | He partly succeeded in burying the bacon in | as they are in England. Westminster brings work and endurance.

comer with a vindictive growl; but Hank bute | was about to leap upon him when a champion | tion in Parliament; and of every generation from the cabin, and the stranger took his place | hind. by the camp-fire.

from his own tin plate.

"Hank, vere's de'dag?"

"Base, ungrateful pup";" said Charley. I told you so," added Davy, the was a cur of low degree," resumed

never go back on his friends in that manner. Eh. Butte?" "Don't you worry yourself about that dog." four bits he's all right." No one took the bet.

"Presently Andy Ance offered to sell Hank a fine Tox-hound. "I've no use for him." Hank replied. "I've got the best dowin the Sierras, and maybe you'll find it out if you live long enough.

We did. ing miners, as they dropped in to smoke and too noble and unselfish to be moved by any The Regular army of the United States is at | chat by our fire, never failed to say, "Why, | sentiment of vanity.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said Hank, proudly, Public sentiment instantly turned in the of being carved in marble as any of the world's

"Why, he's a rouser of a dog, after all?" said ceives \$18 a month, and for each subsequent | He was christened "Rouser" on the spot, and from that time he was the prime favorite

of the camp. Even Butte's selfish heart warmed toward him, and many a merry tussle they had together. That same day it began to snow. It snowed and it snowed. We gathered up rockers, shovels,

and pans. The snow covered the bowlders; then it buried the chaparral and manzanita bushes; then all the miners' cabins; and still it came down. It nearly filled the valley full. There were eight or ten miners' cabins in the vicinity, their locality being indicated by one

or two holes in the snow, and marked by stakes bearing inscriptions like these: "Twenty feet to Billy Brooke's Cabin," "Cabin of the Merry Miners, three yards below." "Doc Furber, Hank Howley & Co., twenty-five feet." "Grand Hotel: Beans and

over and over, went out and shot game now and

Ronser invariably took his station at meal- was with the President a note came from Mrs. time; it was not large enough for both at once. | Grant saying that she must leave Washington dog in the window. Butte, being of a lazy nature had made her resolve to leave that study the workings of the charity organizaturn, could wait more patiently, so he usually evening. I was glad to have it so, as I did not | tions and the school board, without feeling sure took his station at the window as soon as the | want to go to the theatre. So I made my ex- | that the hideons degradation of the London savory fumes of frying bacon ascended to the cuses to Lincoln, and at the proper hour we working people must yield to the efforts that dinner time he rushed into a little clump of carriage, looking into it. Mrs. Grant said: substantial, quiet dressing of the men and pines barking furiously, as if he had found some | 'There is the man who sat near us at lunch to- | women that one meets, and the exquisite softso he came out of the window to join in the fun, hear our conversation. He was so rude that the sky, and the very faces of the people. This and artful Rouser quietly slipped into his we left the dining-room. Here he is now, rid- absence of everything glaring and of everyplace. Day after day Rouser continued to play | ing after us.' I thought it was only curiosity, | thing shrill is very delightful, and gives one a

same success. our quarters. One day we all went out hunt- received an anonymous letter from a man say- eager step and expression that one cannot esreturned, we found that the coyotes had carried | he rode on my train as far as Havre de Grace, | move in every direction in steady activity, with off all our bacon. This was a serious loss. We and as my car was locked he failed to get in. long strides, but the strides are deliberate, and could borrow a little, of course, but it was He thanked God that he had failed. I remem- while the pedestrian reaches his destination trading post for a fresh supply. Hank Howley | but how true the letter was I cannot say. I volunteered to perform the mission, and as he learned of the assassination as I was passing was the strongest of the party, and more used | through Philadelphia. I turned around, took | to traveling on snow-shoes, he seemed best a special train and came on to Washington. It fitted for the service. It was about forty | was the gloomiest day of my life." miles to the trading post, but Hank was sure he could make the trip in three days, or four at the farthest.

"You better tie up Rouser until I am well on the way," he said. Then he started. Rouser was greatly dejected. He whined and howled and cried all day, the tears running down his face and dropping on the floor. not appear to improve. On the third night

what was left of him, came back to camp. His condition was even worse than when he first came to us. One leg seemed broken, and several ugly wounds gave evidence of some fierce encounter. To his neck was fastened a scrap of scarcely legible characters: "Broke my leg.

Cal. lion. Be quick." We lost no time in going to the rescue. A party of twenty men, on long snow-shoes and with good rifles, started out. A light fall of snow rendered it easy to follow poor Rouser's track. An hour's run brought us to the object of our search. Hank was lying under a thick pine tree, on the snow. At first we thought we were too late. His form was cold and almost rigid. One hone of the left leg was broken. Fortunately brandy had not been forgotten, and Doc Furber, who was a real physician, succeeded in ping. Then, too, the weather is entertaining; restoring him, with the help of many rough | it is cold enough to justify delightful open fires but willing hands.

We did not worry him with questions; he able; and, if one stays but a few days, the fog large California lion. A broken snow-shoe, the | more exquisite than the floods of sunshine all the chambers empty.

and slowly returned to camp.

was always ready to take upon himself the nearer. No doubt he scented the bacon. Hank of "English men of letters," while reprints hardest and most unpleasant tasks. His giant drew his revolver, and crawled to a large tree. make the British poets as common in America the snew. The fearful cry sounded still nearer. home to the mind better than all the reading The laugh went round as Hank went up The sun had set, and it was nearly dark. In- of history that one can do, the unbroken to the ugly brute, patted his head, and exam- tently watching, he at length discerned the growth of the English nation, for there was a ined his wounds in what seemed to be a profes- animal, his eyes glaring through the branches church here so long ago that the Danes could of a tree. He decided not to fire until his destroy it in their invasion and King Edgar The dog preserved the utmost indifference only chance required it, lest the wounded could begin to rebuild it before the year 985; while his case was discussed, never appearing beest should attack him. He shouted, waved and in all the generations that have passed conscious of a human presence. But when his broken snow-shoe, threw snow-balls; but since King Edgar, much has been added to the Tank's examination was ended be dicked his the creature still skirmished around him, evi- beloved Abbey, but nothing seems to have been hand in a gestle, melancholy way, and then dently taking in the situation. He drew taken away save the monument, promptly refollowed him to the cabin. The cruel wounds nearer and nearer, crouching as if for a placed, of the boy king Edward VI. In the were dressed, and the poor waif was sumptu- spring. When he was within a comple of chapel of Edward the Confessor lie the ashes of ously regaled with some bacon rand and three | rads Hank fired his first shot, hoping to hit | that remote Saxon with those of King Edward generous daplacks left from the morning meal. him in the eye. But the bullet seemed to I, in whose reign the English nation first Old Bulls, the camp dot greeted the new- glance from the skull. The maddened brute developed the practice of popular representahim "get out!" so ficreely that Butte r treated appeared. Rouser sprang upon him from be- in well nigh a thousand years some trace of

The more the miners and Butte abused the was small and more active, could avoid the change which has taken place in the erection new dog, the more Hank posted him. He let onset of his heavier for for some time, until he of monuments in Westminster. Formerly him sleep at his feet in his bunk, and fed him grew weary. Hank fired several shots, but kings, nobles, and poets received monuments, failed to hit a vital spot. Once the battle and in some cases little children have been One Saturday night the nir was more piers surged so near him that he heat the lion off buried and given monuments here, but of late cing than usual, and Howley indulged with his broken snow-shoe, and succeeded in it is the benefactors of the race, philanthropists, in considerable group bild at hims differ leaving inflicting a sharp wound in his throat. This scientists, and commoners enrolled for great his coat at the head than, a mile distant, where was probably a mortal wound, for the animal achievements who have received this bonor. we all had been working. He was sitting on a recreated, closely pursued by Rouser, and Hank bench wrapped in his blank t, and smoking a could hear the conflict raging for an hour concernade manzahita pipe, when Fritz ex- longer. Then Rouser returned in a pitiable plight, but joyful and triumphant.

Hank thought the time could not have been "He hasn't been in for supper," suggested far from midnight. But he probably fainted from pain and exhaustion, for the next he knew it was morning, and he was nearly dead You've seen the last of your coyote, Hank. with cold. He managed to stir a little, and from the bleeding wound on his hand, where the fierce brute had scratched him, he obtained Charley. "A high-toned-dog like Butte would | the blood to race the warning we had received. He had written it with a match, and fastened it to Rouser's neck. With the same match he had been able to light a little fire, which he growled Hank. "He ain't your dog. I'll bet | fed for some time with bark and cones from the pene-tree. He ate a cracker, and then probably

feli asle-p. Thanks to skillful surgery and good nursing, he came out all right, and was able to do his part when we resumed work in the spring. And Rouser, who shared his convalescent couch, with one of his legs splintered and bandaged, like his master-oh, he was the hero All day Sunday no pug-noted dog appeared. of the camp! If a dog's head could be turned and all day a running fire of jest and comment | with compliments and flattery, Rouser would was kept up about the vagrant. The neighbor- have been a spoiled dog. But his nature was

Through the long weeks in which our two helpless patients lay in their rude bunks we

Hank's hardness and reserve seemed to melt away in a generous gratitude for the attention ice, there being also 400 retired officers on the watched by it, without food or shelter, not even and care we bestowed upon him. And it was a rolls. The sunual pay of the general of the lying down upon it for warmth. He was shak- good thing for us that we had some ennobling occupation to expand and elevate our hearts. As for Rouser, he got bravely over his injuries; and I am sure there was not a man in Round Valley that did not think him as worthy

great heroes. That exquisite poem of the late Dr. Holland. To my Dog Blanco," is a fitting tribute to

dear old Rouser: "For all of good that I have found Within myself or human kind Hath royally informed and crowned

His gentle heart and mind.

"I sean the whole broad earth around For that one heart which, leaf and true Bears friendship without end or bound, And find the prize in you. "I trust you as I trust the stars;

Nor eruel loss, nor scoff of pride,

Nor beggary, nor dungeon bars Can move you from my side. -Harper's Young People.

The Gloomiest Day of Grant's Life.

[Washington correspondence Boston Traveller.]

General Grant, in a recent conversation, said: The darkest day of my life was the day I heard of Lincoln's assassination. I did not know what it meant. Here was the rebellion We kept the fire roaring, read the old papers | put down in the field, and starting up again in the gutters; we had fought it as war, now we then, had games of rough-and-tumble and snow- had to fight it as assassination. Lincoln was bailing, told stories, and smoked our pipes un- killed on the evening of the 14th of April. I der the snow as cheerfully as the greasy Esqui- was busy sending out orders to stop recruiting, the purchase of supplies, and to muster out the A hole in the snow let in the light to a hole army. Lincoln had promised to go to the thein our cabin, and at this window Butte or atre, and wanted me to go with him. While I Our table was under this window, and refuse | that night. She wanted to go to Burlington to bits of bread and bacon were tossed to the lucky | see her children. Some incident of a trifling | upper air. Rouser would come to the hole and started for the train. As we were driving are making; and so one may be pardoned if bark savagely, but could not frighten Butte along Pennsylvania avenue a horseman rode one gives one's attention to the brighter side, away. At last Rouser resorted to artifice. One past us on a gallop, and back again around our and enjoys to the full the sweet, low voices, the choice game. Butte could not withstand this, day, with some other men, and tried to over- ness of coloring that prevails in the buildings. this trick on poor Butte, and always with the but learned afteward that the horseman was sense of repose in the busiest London streets. Booth. It seemed that I was to have been at- The restful quality of the people themselves But this same little window was a source of tacked, and Mrs. Grant's sudden resolve to shows itself in the deliberate gait and the look sorrow to Camp Square Comfort, as we called leave changed the plan. A few days after I of seriousness, very different from the habitual ing, and forgot to shut the window. When we | ing that he had been detailed to kill me, that | cape from in Broadway. Crowds of tall men necessary for some one to go to the nearest bered that the conductor had locked our car, without needless loss of time he is not breath-

Gone Never to Return.

GARDINER, ME.-Mr. Daniel Gray, a prominent lumber merchant, writes that his wife had severe rheumatic pains, so severe as to render her unable to sleep. From the first application of the famous German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, she experienced unspeakable relief, and in two hours the pain had entirely gone.

A quaint old minister was once asked what he had suggested that he might prolong his he thought of his two sons, who were both plain the shiny cleanliness that enhances the Washington Territory, Ellisburg, and many "dragging-down" sensations all disapper under stay in case he found himself too fatigued to preachers. "Well," he replied, "George has a About daylight on the fourth day Rouser, or I John has a larger stock in his warehouse,"

A DAY IN LONDON.

of English Life.

Special correspondence National Tribune.

ing along Piccadilly and watching fine equipages containing beautiful women, fur-clad and rosy, enjoying the pleasures of Christmas shopin-doors, yet not cold enough to be uncomfortselves for the full enjoyment of Westminster. by means of the delightful series of biographies the great and the good is here. It is of inter-Then began a fearful conflict. Rouser, who est to the American to note one very great

HOW REST THE GREAT.

Thus, for example, the Macaulays, father and son: Zachary Macaulay is revered for his efforts to abolish slavery in the British colonies, and his fame is not swallowed up-it is merely excelled-by that of his son Thomas Babbington (Lord Macaulay), the essavist, historian of England, and codifier of the laws of India. In scientists England is rich, and there is no more at moderate rents for London workingmen | stood in his presence at that time tell the story and their overcrowded families is thought, in | with tears in their eyes. London, to be benefiting not quite the class for whom it was intended; but, however that may be, there is no doubt that the American's bequest stimulated thought and effort among London property-holders in the direction of giving to an enormous mass of hard-working beings their just due-a decent habitation in which to make a home. The amount of care that English working people require is inexplicable to the careless observer. The American workman is disgraced if he cannot take care of himself and keep his children in school. Not so here! Relief in aid of wages, workhouse life in off seasons, private charitable bequests, want of education, and a general feeling of dependence on the "gentry," have so undermined the self-respect of thousands of men and women in London that there is now a tremendous effort required to get these victims of bad social order on their own feet again. Modern statesmanship tries to abolish out-door relief; and public opinion turns, now, to the foundation of technical schools, instead of gifts of coal, as the fit use of private bequests. A fine beginning is made; compulsory education, industrial schools, and postal savings-banks are working wonders for the rising generation; but a demoralization which has grown in fearful ratio since before the reign of Elizabeth cannot be cured in one generation, and one vast side of London life is terrible to the American eye, Especially hideous is the sight of hundreds of uncared-for young girls rooming unkempt and void of self-respect through the stateliest streets of the beautiful, stately city. The little English child is usually attractive, however neglected and dirty it may be, for the moist, temperate climate makes rosy cheeks and chubby hands. But neglect tells later; and there is a tragedy in nearly every block in Piccadilly, where the fine shop windows have a strong at-THE OTHER SIDE.

traction for young eyes that have nothing beautiful at home. But one cannot read the London papers, nor less at the end. All this will doubtless come in time in America, and when it comes we shall have less dyspepsia, less heart disease, and far more serene contentment. After one turns one's thoughts resolutely

away from the destitution that confronts one, one receives an astonishing impression of the great comfort of those who are comfortable at all. Because the days are damp, the 'bus drivers, porters, draymen, all wear a handkerchief tied loosely about the neck, caught in a single knot in front-a precaution which might save suffering from throat diseases if introduced into America. Because the use of bituminous coal makes London proverbially smoky, warm water is a matter of course in making the toilet, and huge basins and pitchers and vast towels excomfortable appearance of an English middle-I need of perennial washing may, perhaps, ex- | specific. By druggists.

plain the durable, substantial quality of the quantities of linen which constitute one of the necessaries of life in London. The national food, also, responds to the conditions of comfort, for in the uniformly cool, moist year there is paper, on which was traced with blood, in The Glories of Westminster --- Phases safety in consuming daily chops and steaks; and tea is by no means so hurtful as in our electrical atmosphere. True, the American accustomed to our summer luxuriance of peaches and tomatoes, and our winter breakfasts of hot cakes, finds the London chop-and-muffin breakfast monotonous; but the national good diges-LONDON, Feb. 6.-London in December is an tion proves the habit a good one. Even the aledrinking habit, which is the brutalizing influextremely interesting place to a newly-arrived ence, par excellence, of the unfortunate English American. There is a certain interest in walkworkingman's life, arises from the temporary comfort of the draught.

AN UNPLEASANT REMINDER. The presence of the military is a surprise to the American new-comer, who is apt to feel a trifle nervous at running against a tall man could not talk. But all around the spot were is amusing. December, however, is by no means | the threshold of a wretched sentry-box, whenin magnificent uniform shouldering his gun on marks of a ferocious battle, and tracks of a all fog, and it is difficult to conceive anything ever, in the fog, the said American may stray pieces bristling with hair, indicated the nature | which poured into Westminster Abbey through | Palace; and it is an odd accompaniment to of the battle. There was a deep wound on the whole of one recent December morning. one's peaceful breakfast in a quiet coffee-room Hank's band, and his coat was badly torn. This was a morning of complete enjoyment for in Piccadilly when a squad of soldiers march Watt Morgan picked up his bloody pocket- an American, who, having puzzled and stum- under the window, followed by the Cold Stream all through the Connecticut River Valley, and seemed to have been badly wounded in some knife in the snow. I found his revolver, with bled out a roundabout route from Piccadilly to Band, returning from its twenty-minutes' Westminster, finally entered the north tran- morning practice during guard-mount at the Following the track of the ferocious animal, sept door of the Abbey just as the closing notes | Queen's residence, St. James' Palace. Then, "Lend me your revolver," said Charley his dead body was found about half a mile of the morning musical service were dying too, it is a common thing to see a load of hay from the spot. It was the largest specimen of away. It was pleasant to find oneself suddenly on its way to the Royal Mews (the Queen's the puma that I ever saw, measuring fully secure from the dampness and mud and rush- stables), one of the horses mounted by a soldier nine feet from tip to tip. We secured his skin, | ing vehicles of Great George's street, in the | in uniform and the whole equipage preceded quiet of the presence of the monumental statue and followed by a couple of cavalrymen. To It was two days before Hank could briefly of that wise Earl Chatham whose counsels, the English eye this is merely the decent and recount his adventures. It appeared that he if they had prevailed, would have deferred the orderly manner of conveying the royal hay. had started out early on the morning of the Revolutionary war, and might, perhaps, have To the American mind, on the contrary, this third day to return. He had bought a hundred prevented it. If there is a moment in one's single sight brings up the whole ugly question shovelled and rocked and panned together in | pounds of bacon, and was lucky enough to life when one is pre-eminently glad of every | of standing armies for protecting foreign comhave it brought out fifteen miles by a pack scrap of knowledge of English history and Ea- merce; of the low wages and high taxes of the train. Then he packed it on his back ten glish literature, it is during one's visits to native workingmen who support the standing We had come together, a party of five, from miles further, until he reached the snow where Westminster. Perhaps the English boy who army, and of the loss of industrial power that different parts of the world, and formed a he left his hand-sled. He had come on faster grows up within two miles of Westminster, to must come from the idleness of thousands of partnership to work out a rich mountain claim than he expected until nearly sanset, when he whom Westminster is never new, never feels men in the very prime of life. But the specheard the familiar cry of a California lion. quite so keen a thrill of joy and pride in his tacle is not without a certain agreeable side, We had been strangers to each other when Upon that he started forward as fast as he English inheritance as the American who turns since it throws into bold relief the wisdom of we consolidated our claims into a partnership, could go, and looking back for the lion, he for the first time from Chatham and Pitt to that American policy which minimizes the for purposes of economy in labor and living. made a false step; his snow-shoe hit a stump, Fox and Canning, and, pausing long before the standing army, encourages the militia, and But we soon became acquainted, and we were and broke, throwing him down with great vio- fine monument to Lord Holland, thinks of the votes \$85,000,000 in pensions to the families of tory" desirable with regard to each other, ex- night was warm, so he had no fear of freezing. that nobleman and made his beautiful home workmen of four million slaves, and whose prompt return to the industries of peace coutributed in no small degree to the present unparalled prosperity of America.

Meagher's Irish Brigade at Dinner.

[From the N. Y. Times, Feb. 23.] About fifty members of Meagher's Irish brigade of the celebrated Second Corps of the Army of the Potomac enjoyed a dinner last evening at the Westmoreland Hotel, which marked their sixth anniversary reunion. Among those present were Dr. John Dwyer, Dr. C. J. McGuire, Edward Croain, John Murphy, Dr. O'Meagher, General Dennis F. Burke, Colonel Cavanigh, Major Horgan, the Rev. Dr. Moriarty, General Kerwin, Gen. T. W. Sweeny, and Major D. P. Convugham. General Burke opened with an address upon the services of the brigade in the war of the rebellion. He spoke of the gallant conduct during the seven days' retreat and at Fredericksburg. "Who can read the history of the war," said General Burke, "that does not appreciate the gallant services of the Irish brigade. Whether we see them at Chancellorsville or facing the batteries at Fredericksburg, or at Spottsylvania, there is the same heroism. The Irish brigade was the first to enter the war and the last to leave it. The Americans are the most charitable and hospitable people God ever made, and this is the only country in which the Irish people can find a home." The toast to the memory of Washington was replied to by Major Horgan; 'The United States" by General Kerwin; 'The Army" by General Sweeny; "The Gallant Old Sixty-ninth" by Colonel Cavanagh; "Our Motherland" by the Rev. J. J. Moriarty; "Our Dead Comrades" by Dr. O'Meagher.

President Lincoln in Jeff's Chair, [Washington correspondence of the Boston Traveller.] After Richmond had fallen into the hands of the Federal forces the Cabinet-room of the Capinspiring spot in Westminster Abbey than a | itol was kept in exactly the same condition as portion of the nave in which lie Charles Dar- when occupied by Jeff Davis. President Linwin, Sir Charles Lyell, and the Herschels, coln. it will be remembered, arrived the day commemorated by simple stones in the floor | after the surrender, and while walking through beneath the mural tablet to the father of sci- the building, inspecting the headquarters of ence, Newton; while it was a moment never to the Confederacy, came to this room. Godfrey be forgotten in the life of a simple-minded | Weitzell, who was in charge, said: "Mr. Presi-American boy, (who holds as a heavy responsi- | dent, this is the chair occupied by President bility the half million dollars inherited from a Davis," and motioned the President to sit father too early slain in the struggle for down. It was a trying moment, and those wealth,) when this lad stood silent in the quiet | present expected to see a look of triumph in sunshine, reading on a stone in the floor of the his face as he performed the act which signalburial-place of England's heroes, "Here rests | ized the complete downfall of the rebellion. the mortal remains of George Peabody," with Mr. Lincoln approached wearily, sat down the beautiful words which the American without a word, and as his great head fell into philanthropist had used to express his prayer | his broad hands there was an oppressive silence. that he might show himself grateful for the | His mind seemed to be wandering back through blessings conferred upon him, by doing some | the dark years of bloodshed and carnage. He good thing for the benefit of his fellow-men, saw visions of death, broken family circles, loss Over this little diamond-shaped stone every of treasure, and the little mounds that dot the American who enters the beautiful Abbey may | South under which sleep the Northern dead, well pause in reverent silence. Mr. Peabody's | He did not utter a word, but heaved a deep bequest of money for furnishing decent homes | sigh, and even to this day the warriors who

SONGS OF THE CAMP.

On the Shores of Tennessee. "Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey, In the sunshine bright and strong, For this world is fading, Pompey-Massa won't be with you long; And I fain would hear the south wind

Bring once more the sound to me Of the wavelets softly breaking On the shores of Tennessee. "Mournful though the ripples murmus As they still the story tell, How no vessels float the banner That I've loved so long and well. I shall listen to their music, Dreaming that again I see Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop,

Sailing up the Tennessee. "And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting For death's last dispatch to come, If that exiled starry banner Should come proudly satting home, You shall greet it, slave no longer-Voice and band shall both be free That shout and point to Union colors, On the waves of Tennessee.'

"Massa's berry kind to Pompey; But ole darky's happy here, Where he's tended corn and cotton, For 'ese many a long-good year, Over yonder Missis' sleeping-No one tends her grave like me; Mebbie she would miss the flowers She used to love in Tennessee. "Pears like she was watching Massa-

If Pompey should beside him stay, Mebbie she'd remember better How for him she used to pray; Telling him that way up youder White as snow his soul would be, If he served the Lord of heaven While he lived in Tennessee, Silently the tears were rolling Down the poor old dusky face, As he stopped behind his master,

In his long-accustomed place,

Then a silence fell around them. As they gazed on rock and tree Pictured in the placid waters Of the rolling Tennessee. Master dreaming of the battle Where he fought by Marion's side, When he bid the haughty Tariton Stoop his lordly erest of pride, Man, remembering how you sleeper

Once he held upon his knee, Ere she loved the gallant soldier, Ralph Vervair of Tennessee. Still the south wind foully lingers 'Mid the veteran's silvery her; Still the bondman close beside him Stands behind the old arm-chair, With his dark-hued hand uplifted,

Shading eyes he bends to see

Where the woodland boldly jutting Turns aside the Tennessee. Thus he watches cloud-born shadows Glide from tree to mountain crest, Softly cresping, aye and ever, To the river's yielding breast, Ha! above the foliage yonder Something flatters wild and free;

"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah! The flag's come back to Tennessee!" "Pompey, hold me on your shoulder, Help me stand on foot once more, That I may salute the colors As they pass my cabin door, Here's the paper signed that frees you. Give a freeman's shout with me-'God and Union!' be our watchword

Evermore in Tennessee.' Then the trembling voice grew fainter, And the limbs refused to stand: One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier Glided to that better land, When the flag went down the river Man and master both were free, While the ri-g-dove's note was mingled

With the rippling Tennessee. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, weak stomach, night-sweats, and the early stages of better show in his shop-window than John, but class crowd. Moreover, the same smokiness and consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" is